

THE DAILY HERALD

THE HERALD COMPANY.

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What did Santa Claus bring you? "Christmas comes but once a year, therefore let's be merry."

Everybody seems to want war but Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

A merry Christmas to all. Peace on earth, good will towards man.

The Cameron resolution seems to have stirred up a laymen's nest.

Congress has done one good thing-it has adjourned for two weeks.

The senatorial fight in Utah will probably make a scrap of history.

The race war in Kentucky has closed. The toll gate war will now open.

Why doesn't somebody settle the coffee and sugar war with an egg?

This much is certain: that jingoism is not the advance agent of prosperity.

The next installment of Christmas will be here with the first good sleighing.

It being a holiday, there will probably be no bank failures announced today.

It must have been a flood of prosperity that washed away the Bank of Illinois.

Spain is determined to uphold her honor even if she cannot uphold her authority.

Russell A. Alger snuffed the battle from afar, and has returned to participate in it.

Why not send Sherlock Holmes to Cuba to ascertain the truth about Maceo's death?

In Rockford, Ill., it is far safer to sing "Come into the Garden Maud" than "Oh, Promise Me."

A great many people who expected to get something nice in their stockings only put their foot in it.

Judge Texas Angel of Halley wants to be a senator from Idaho. The United States senate is no place for angels.

The Ohio office-seekers are not allowing the grass to grow under their feet, not even on Major McKinley's front lawn.

He who is not happy over the happiness of the little ones this morning must be a strange being who never was a boy.

Mr. Cleveland started north at the same time that Lily of Hawaii sailed south. They missed just like Gabriel and Evangeline.

Why should Governor Bradley be worried over mob murders in Kentucky? They have become a recognized institution of the state.

"A man is never beaten until he admits it," says an exchange. That may be, but he is often knocked senseless before he knows it.

Seventy-one people in Utah voted for Palmer and Buckner. They should feel richly complimented for it is a surprise that even that number could be found.

Chicago does not get 4 cent fares, Mayor Swift having vetoed the ordinance providing for them. He wishes it understood that there is nothing small about Chicago.

Tom Platt says: "I have considered Dr. Parkhurst mentally unbalanced for some time." Dr. Parkhurst has considered Tom morally unbalanced for a long time. And there you are.

The Courier-Journal very properly remarks that Minister Hannis Taylor should be careful. To give out newspaper interviews is not regarded as one of the duties of the diplomat.

Secretary Carlisle's optimism regarding government receipts reminds one very forcibly of the man who told Noah he did not think there was going to be much of a flood when he was invited into the ark.

William F. Vilas says that he will be glad to quit the senate. This gladness came over him when he found that the complexion of the Wisconsin legislature was such that he had no chance of re-election.

If the country is going to war with Spain over the Cuban question, first through recognition of Cuban independence and then through becoming an ally of Cuba, it is better that it go in all at once rather than by slow but certain steps.

THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS TIME.

Again it is the happy Christmas time. But are all happy? Let us hope so, but if any know where pain and sorrow are, let them go there and carry with them what measure of joy and happiness and peace, blessed peace! that best of all boons, they can.

At this season every heart should be filled with that same love for our fellow man which made so beautiful the soul of Him whose birth the joys of the season commemorate. We call it the children's season, and it is theirs more than that of the elder people.

In our own Utah, in our own mountain home, where the valleys seem richer, the mountains grander, the sky bluer and the stars brighter than elsewhere, peace and happiness reign.

Draw forth the cheerful day from night; O Father, touch the east, and light The light that shone when Hope was born.

A VERY SERIOUS CHARGE.

Within ten days past the United States has been on the verge of a war with Spain, and the danger is not wholly passed.

The recklessness and indifference of the committee on foreign relations are illustrated by the fact that the report which accompanies the Cuban resolutions and was submitted to the senate this morning was not written by any member of that body.

That is a most serious accusation, so serious that it calls for investigation at the hands of a special committee of the senate.

But this is not so serious a matter as that the drawing up of this report should have been entrusted to the paid attorney of the Cuban junta.

CUBA'S CLAIMS.

The San Francisco Chronicle discusses our Cuban policies at length and in a very conservative manner. It reviews the question from a standpoint from which it will ultimately be viewed by the whole country.

of the business interests of the country for a long season of rest from excitement and disorder. Neither is it stronger than the claim of American ship-builders to fees and royalties access to the routes of ocean commerce unvexed by hostile cruisers.

The claims of the business interests of the country upon the present congress and upon the next administration are certainly stronger than those of Cuba or any other country.

The thing for the American people to do is to consider what will be the consequences to them and their business and other interests if intervention in the struggle now going on between Spain and Cuba, for any recognition of Cuban independence or belligerency will almost inevitably result in armed intervention.

WISDOM FROM A WOMAN.

Mrs. Healy Green is famous for her wit and peculiarities. She is becoming even more famous for her wit and wisdom. Only a few days ago she told a couple of angry debaters in a street car who were discussing politics, that there was a time for all things, and that the time for talking politics was during a campaign, and not after it was over.

A BIT OF CHRISTMAS GLOW.

Rocking, rocking, to and fro, In the dining room, Grandmother and I, Tracing pictures in the glare— The stockings in a row glow, (Bright the flames and brighter glow);

WIT AND HUMOR.

Truth: First Tramp-Do you expect to go to heaven, Willie? Second Tramp-Curt: I ain't never done nothin', hev I?

Puck: A life insurance agent may be described as a man who procures policies on people who don't want their lives insured.

Brooklyn Life: Dasha-way! I don't think I could stand it if I loved that girl any more.

Cleveland-Why not? Dasha-way-I might want to marry her.

Puck: Papa-Don't you think he is in the wrong? Friend-Yes. Do you know, I've observed that most babies are very large for their age?

New Castle Chronicle: Accounted For. Papa-Willie, where are those apples come that were in the storeroom?

Willie-They are with the gingerbread that was in the cupboard.

Puck: A Bright Future-Ikey-Fader, I got dot chob in der stock broker's office.

Fader-So? Mind your work, Ikey, and some day you might be vun of dem Wall street sharks.

Detroit News: Self-Sacrifice-"Air!" gasped the dying man. The brave girl heard him and knew what to do.

Truth: Not Worried-Asmodeus-I see that some of these preachers are drawing their money from the pockets of the Mephistopheles-Idle curiosity, my boy, idle curiosity. I think we'll have a substantial plurality.

THE HOLIDAYS AND CONGRESS.

The adjournment of congress until the holidays are over will be a good thing. Members of congress will meet with their constituents and come in touch with the true public sentiment on all the important issues of the day.

SIZING THEM UP.

Chicago Evening Post: After the two luncheon from the city had superintended the unloading of enough traps and baggage of all descriptions to equip an expedition into the heart of Africa they bunted up the proprietor of the little backwoods tavern to ask about a guide.

if he really could transmute a fifty-cent silver piece into a ten-dollar gold piece. He assured her he could. He did so, at her request, and she was delighted.

The Italian factory at Brescia is manufacturing an immense quantity of fixed ammunition for the Spanish government.

The trusts created by Tilden's will are being smashed all right. But they were beneficial trusts.

If cowboys go to Cuba to fight, no one need be surprised if some of them become buccaneers.

SOME EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

Kansas City Star: Ninety-eight American citizens are reported as abiding in Palestine awaiting the second coming of Christ, in the meantime suffering for the necessities of life.

Pittsburg Post: In the three great states of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, William J. Bryan received 1,483,348 votes, and Filmer, the candidate of the bolting gold Democrats, 2,128. On what terms, in the anxious inquiry, will the voters admit the 1,483,348 Democrats to full communion in their select church?

Chicago Record: It is to be hoped no wicked toner will view the fact that some people have died from drinking whisky as a reason for drinking more of that every one ought to drink genuine whisky.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: It is well to bear the fact in mind that a good deal of war talk is coming from statesmen whose organs of combativeness is located in front of their ears.

San Francisco Examiner: If any report should become current relative to illness of Mr. Bryan it can be ascribed to the fact that he is so desirous to "thoroughly digest" the president's message. Mr. Bryan is a strong man, but even the best constitution may become overtaxed.

A New York divine healer says he can cure disease by a "touch." We presume he heals his patient and heals himself by the same "touch."

A BIT OF CHRISTMAS GLOW.

Rocking, rocking, to and fro, In the dining room, Grandmother and I, Tracing pictures in the glare— The stockings in a row glow, (Bright the flames and brighter glow);

Rocking, rocking, to and fro, Shadows lengthen, fire burns low, Ashes ever follow blaze.

Rocking, rocking, to and fro, Mistake obscure the brightest gaze, One, another stocking's gone; Someone learns to live alone,

Rocking, rocking, to and fro, Stories of the long-ago, Grandma's little girls and boys, Children's eyes are closely pressed,

Rocking, rocking, to and fro, Patter, patter, down the hall, "Dra-n-samma!" the voices call; Grandmother's in the storeroom,

Rocking, rocking, to and fro, Grandma's laughing in the glow, Grandma's weeping in the glow, Rocking, rocking, to and fro!

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"Just the man for us," said the spokesman of the two. "Where is he?" "Then there's Hank," continued the proprietor, without noticing the question.

"That's exactly. We want to make a record in the hunting line that we can boast of when we go back."

"What's Jim's special qualifications?" they asked.

"Why, he's the best liar in this state," replied the proprietor. "If you can't make a record with him there ain't no use tryin' for it with anyone else."

"No Right to Ask It. Chicago Tribune: Customer-Say, that shirt you've got out there in the showcase is so nice, I want it!"

"I see it's got a No. 15 neck, too. That's the size I wear. I want one just like it."

"Yes, sir. Here's one that we think is a little better at the same price."

"That doesn't suit me as well. I want one of the same kind as that one out there."

"Yes, sir. How will this style do? You notice it has a better binding around the—"

"No, that isn't what I came in to buy. I want a 50-cent shirt of the kind you're exhibiting in that showcase. How many times have I got to tell you that?"

"That's no better shirt than these I'm showing you. In fact, it isn't as good. We haven't any more shirts like that, anyway."

"All gone but that?" "Yes, sir."

"All right. I'll take that one." "Well, I guess not. That's my sample."

THE CHRIST DAY.

Home-bringing and home-loving and home happiness are the bright features of the Christ-day throughout the metes and bounds of Christendom.

The tragedy of Calvary was years after the birth scene at Bethlehem. The Godchild had had to grow up to man's estate and wrap about Him the mantle of infinite Deity before He became a man of sorrows acquainted with grief.

The example of the sages who came as gift-bringer is universally followed. It means to us that it should be so, because the heart that gives in love has a sure promise of a blessing from the Lord.

Did He sorrow? Not for His sins or follies, did He grieve. Did He sweat great drops of blood in His agony? Then was it that men might be freed from sin and be capable of appreciating and commemorating and imitating the infinite good of His nature.

How He Stood the Test. New York Evening Journal: "Charley," she said, tremblingly, "are you sure it is not my wealth you care for? Are you sure you love me for myself alone?"

Charley Harduppe looked startled for the moment, but remained wary. "What is this?" he asked gently, "that you are stacking me up against?"

"I want to know," she answered, "that you are not marrying me for my money. That you would still care for me if I became absolutely penniless."

"Go on," said Charley, uncompromisingly. "Finish your run." "Then," said the girl, "you must learn that I have lost everything. There is—chokingly—"absolutely nothing left."

"Not a red?" he asked hoarsely, after some silence. She shook her head and waited for the verdict.

"Say!" ejaculated Charley Harduppe, suddenly. "Does anybody else know about this?" "Nobody," she replied, wonderingly. "Not a soul?" he persisted. "Not a soul," she repeated. "I swear it."

"Then," said Charley, as he took her to his breast, "I still love you. For—" He kissed away the tear that trickled down her nose.

"If we are smart enough to keep it to ourselves—" Miss Gourox buried her face in his chest.

"We can live on the credit of your faded millions for at least a couple of years!" Joy Kills a Prisoner. San Francisco Chronicle: With his face turned to freedom and the arms of loved ones outstretched to beat him outside the prison walls; with his pardon in his hands, and the hope of a free man in his heart, Joseph Beehan died at noon yesterday in the San Quentin hospital, a free man, though behind the bars.

PLATE GLASS

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Little Lord Fauntleroy,

By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. PRICES-25c, 35c and 50c. Matinee Saturday and Special CHRISTMAS MATINEE.

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2 Nights and Two Matinees, Dec. 25 Starting Xmas Matinee, Dec. 25. THE NATIONAL STOCK COMPANY Presenting a Great Dramatization of Marie Corelli's Splendid Story 'THE VENDETTA'

December 23, 11 "Unknown," January 1 and 2 "Kidnapped," with New Year's and Saturday Matinees. Special scenery for each play. Prices-25, 35, 50 cents. Matinee-Children 15 cents, adults 25 cents.